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WHAT BEFELL IN ELYSIUM.

In the Elysian fields on velvet meadows of asphodel, sat the gods the immortals; round them were shining hills and before them the sapphire rivers that flow through the souls of men.

Said the gods the immortals: It is well; cyclic time is fulfilled. Let us rest, for our work is done; happy in heavenly ease, bathed in the radiant air, fed on celestial fruit.

So the gods the immortals rested, smiling into one another's eyes, amid rose-scented daisies and large-eyed fawns of Diana. And there was silence in heaven for half an hour.

Then one glanced down to the earth, and there amid dust and clouds, and the blackness of darkness of sorrow beheld the Myrmidons struggle, a pale and weary race. He saw the Myrmidons struggle, haggard and sad, yet fighting evermore forward, nearer the unseen goal.

The gods the immortals smiled as the feeble Myrmidons fell. It is well, they said, we have filled the cup. Let the Myrmidons drink it. But the Myrmidons, battle-worn, grim, were stirring themselves in the contest, ready to fight, ready to die, resolved. With hardly a glance toward Olympus, they set themselves to their battle.

Then of the gods the immortals spoke one more benign: Oh gods immortals my brothers, they will win their battle without us. Then for very shame let us too enter the contest. For they are valorous Myrmidons, ready to die.

Then were the shining hills and valleys of asphodel empty. Choral echoes ceased along the sapphire streams. None remained but the fawns of Dian among the daisies. But where the Myrmidons fought in their blackness of darkness, figures moved serene and majestic, bringing them succour and comfort.

Quod sit felix faustumque.

THE KARMA OF NATIONS.

"'Tis thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges."

At the Peace Conference which met this spring in the old capital of Holland, there was one incident which engraved itself on the minds of many delegates: the refusal of the representatives of a great power to prohibit the use of what is practically an explosive bullet in warfare. This ingenious bullet, which takes its name from the Dum-Dum arsenal on the Hugli, where it is expressly manufactured for the benefit of such inferior peoples of Asiatic or African origin as come into collision with the said great power, is made with a soft metal core and a harder covering. The soft metal is exposed at the point, so that in actual use it opens and spreads in the flesh of the victim, making a fearful jagged wound which causes almost unendurable agony. Its object is to stop the rush of such mere inferior peoples as depend on manhood and valor alone, and not on the intellectual triumphs of scientific murdering instruments. The dumdum bullet is thus something for a great and free nation to be proud of.

And now for Time's revenges. Less than a year has passed, and these bullets have come into use—against the very power which, having invented them, obstinately refused to prohit their use. With curious blindness the engineers, thus very literally hoist with their own petard, lost not a moment in branding the use of their own bullet as dastardly, painting horrible word-pictures of its fearful havoc on their own flesh. They had borne with more stoicism the injuries it inflicted on the bodies of others, when used by themselves in the Soudan.

This is but one instance of that law of Compensation which, in cases of national wrong-doing, becomes the angel of Retribution. So clear are its workings through all the red scroll of history, that a recent writer has put forward the claim that, from cases of evident historic justice taken almost at random from any epoch of history, he can demonstrate the presence and interposition of a personal God. We need not linger over this word personal; but we can confidently support his contention that the Law is there, consciously working, infinitely just. Let us summarize the incidents he has chosen, to illustrate his thesis.

Confining himself to the Hundred Years' War, during which the Norman kings and barons of England spread sanguine ruin over the fair fields of France, he traces through all its incidents a divine vengeance, interposing for the down-trodden People, those wretched

peasants who were treated as man never treated wild beasts, as the most evil beasts of prey never treat each other. After the first great victory of the invaders at Crecy, a host of the French nobles fell into the hands of the conquering Black Prince. There were princes, lords, barons, bannerets and knights innumerable among the captives, so that every castle and manor in France was represented among the host of prisoners. Liberated on parole, they returned to their feudal homes, and proceeded to extract their ransoms not from their own treasures, but from the half-starved peasantry, stopping at no use of force or violence, torture or extortion, till the uttermost farthing was paid.

The result was a wild and desperate uprising all over France, in 1357 and the following year. The men with the hoes stormed feudal mansions and slew the inhabitants. Then the Regent of France summoned foreign mercenaries and set them to slaughter the French peasants; the troops under his personal command put more than twenty thousand to death, sending their bodies floating down the Marne. There was even worse butchery in Picardy and Artois. The peasants were hunted down like wild beasts by horsemen in full armor. Their leader was tortured and crowned with a red hot iron diadem, not less pathetic than the Galilean's crown of thorns.

Then came retribution. At the battle of Poitiers the flower of the French Noblesse, the very princes, barons, lords and bannerets who had so long tortured the people of France, had been shot down in multitudes by the people of England, a rude Saxon host of bowmen, armed with their clothyard arrows, and with these alone laying low the gentlemen of France. Two thousand five hundred of the noblest names of France lay dead on the reddened clay.

A few years later, at Azincourt, the measure of vengeance was filled. Fourteen thousand French nobles gathered there to do battle against Henry the Fifth of England, Falstaff's Prince Hal. They came in tournament array, with enameled armor, their escutcheons gorgeously blazoned on their shields, the air gay with their many-colored banners, their horses cased in gilded steel, silver or gold. Let the Chronicler record what befell: "It was a very piteous thing to see all this noblesse hacked to death." Of ten thousand dead at Azincourt, eight thousand were of noble birth. So evident was the hand of divine justice, that the victorious king of England himself gave this testimony: "We have not made this slaughter, but the Almighty for the sins of France."

Thus was France scourged; but the hand of the dark angel was

not withheld from England. The Black Death, carrying off the peasants in swarms, had made it almost impossible to get laborers in England to do the work of their lords and masters. This should have raised wages and greatly ameliorated the condition of those who remained, thus opening for them the door of a better era. But the British Parliament, made up wholly from the aristocratic and serf-owning class, instantly passed most stringent laws making it penal either to ask or offer higher wages than had been paid before the Plague, while all serfs who left the estates of their owners in search of higher wages elsewhere were branded in the forehead with a red-hot iron, and cast into abominable dungeons, reeking with pestilence. No poor man's child could be apprenticed in a town, on pain of a year's imprisonment.

Once more came dire revenge. Over this Anglo-Norman noblesse, with its French chivalry and French speech, spread the flames of discord and civil strife. For long years, they poured out their blood in the fields and woods of England, till that grave of chivalry, the War of Lancaster and York, the rival roses red and white, left England almost with out an aristocracy, and ready to pass through the gates of a new century into the modern world. As the French noblesse fell among their own fields, so fell too the English nobles.

But what of the great homicidal house of Plantagenet which was the ambitious cause of so many miseries? It was to the martial and chivalrous spirit, as chivalry was then conceived, of Edward III that the desolation of France was due. How did the law repay him? His retribution was this: his sons perished miserably; their issue was pursued by the scourge of nemesis literally to the third and fourth generation, so that hardly one among scores, throughout a whole century of crime, escaped a miserable and bloody end. The tale of the Plantagenet issue of conquering Edward is one red scroll of epitaphs, recording murders, treachery, deaths by violence, and every manner of evil end.

Thus the writer we have alluded to defends his proposition of direct divine vengeance, taking instances from one short period alone. We may add one or two examples of more recent date, from the annals of a not less splendid royal and imperial house. Amongst the feudal families who rose by successful violence above the red wreck of the Middle Age, none so great and famous as the Habsburgs, the House of Austria. In their annals, there are no deeds of violence, of unscrupulous cruelty, of limitless tyranny

omitted. Never since the days of Nero and his successors has royal house had such blood-stained hands. Two of the greatest tyrants of the modern world own this family as their origin: Charles V. the Emperor, who tried to crush out the light of the Reformation, and his infamous son, Philip II. of Spain, the ruling genius of the Inquisition, the sullenly ferocious butcher who tried to ruin the rising Dutch Republic. But the Dutch, first champions of modern civil and religious liberty, first of those who laid the foundations of democracy and the rights of man as man, were of sterner stuff than their tyrants and invaders hoped for, and all the red butcheries of invading armies only served to set the cause of freedom on a rock, while utter ruin recoiling overwhelmed the tyrant. So perish all and every one who dares such deeds as he. The words of blind Homer are a prophecy.

Nor did the House of Habsburg deal better within its own gates. The Bohemians, the Hungarians, were mercilessly tortured, their homes burned, their womenfolk turned out in wild winter to face starvation, outrage, destruction by beasts more humane than men. No principle of justice was tolerated in dealing with these subject peoples. No mercy was shown them, when thrust under the Habsburgs' feet.

At Eperies among the wild Carpathian mountains, the House of Habsburg wreaked its vengeance on conquered Hungary. Day after day, thirty executioners with dripping hands plied their red trade, while the torturers were busy in the dungeons extorting confessions to implicate new victims, that the executioners might not fail of material for their work.

The head of that royal house now mourns in solitude, pitied of all, but beyond succour of any human pity. His beloved son perished shamefully by his own hand, leaving a dishonored name. His best-loved brother was shot by an insurgent army, in the dust-clad plain outside Mexico, under the white sunlight of the South. His sister suffered a horrible death amid the flames of a burning house. His wife fell by the hand of an ignominious assassin. More than this, he sees his kingdom under the heel of the Hungarians, the peace of his land convulsed by the Bohemians, his imperial honor dimmed by the German armies who at Sadowa avenged the sack of heretic Magdeburg. There is an old saying, yet a true one: "God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth, the same shall he also reap."

ELECTRO-CHEMISTRY AND OCCULT FORCES.

There is no more suggestive realm of science than that of electro-chemistry. None furnishes richer or more striking analogies to the play of occult forces. None seems to go more deeply into life. Sometimes we are able to pursue these analogies to definite teaching regarding the inner working of nature. More often we have to rest content for the time with suggestions. But they are always interesting, always full of light.

All physical energy can be traced directly or indirectly to chemical affinity, to the union of positive and negative substances, of male and female. Whenever this union takes place, energy is given forth. If no other means exist for its expression, it appears as heat, the typical form of purely physical energy. Moreover, this union never takes place without the generation of electromotive force, a force that will set an electric current flowing, and cause this energy to appear as electrical energy, whenever the necessary conditions are provided. The conditions are that the substances should also be united through some medium capable of conducting an electric current, other than that in which the physical or chemical union takes place.

In these circumstances we have etheric rather than physical activity; for electricity is distinctly a form of energy akin to light or gravitation, acting directly through the ether. Thus from the union of physical substances an etheric force is generated capable of producing effects either on the etheric plane, as magnetism or electrical induction, or of being transformed so as to produce physical effects. Is it a far-fetched inference that in this union of opposites there is aspiration and a desire as well as a power for activity on higher, finer planes, if only the conditions will permit?

It is an old simile, that between a man and an electric battery, yet a helpful one. In its light, Kundalini Shakti—the Annular Power—that mysterious force in nature and in man of which electricity is but a manifestation—becomes something more than a name. Provide the conditions, and we have a force capable of acting on high planes. Neglect them, and we perish in the heat produced.

Perhaps one of the best examples of the suggestiveness of this branch of science is to be found in the study of electrolysis, the decomposition of chemical compounds by an electric current. It is used in electrotyping, electroplating and many other arts. Electrotyping is the reproduction of the exact form of type, medals or other articles, by electrically depositing metal on the article itself or

a mould made from it. It furnishes a very perfect analogy to the occult duplication of objects, and to their precipitaotion at a distance.

If a copper medal, for example, is to be reproduced, a mould or cast of the medal is first made and put at one end of a bath containing some compound of copper, such as copper sulphate, dissolved in water. An electric current is then passed through the solution, going out through the mould. The electric current overcomes the affinity between the copper and the sulphur and oxygen, decomposing the chemical compound. There is a bodily though invisible transfer of atoms, the copper going with the positive current and being deposited on the mould, the sulphur and oxygen traveling in the opposite direction with the negative current, and being liberated at the point where the positive current is led into the bath, and the negative current leaves it. The process is continued until the amount of copper required has been deposited. In this manner any object is duplicated with great accuracy. The perfection of the result depends upon the sharpness and accuracy of the mould first obtained, the adjustment of the electrical pressure to the solution used, and the time the electric current is allowed to act.

By the use of currents of different electromotive forces, it is possible in the same manner to deposit an alloy of such metals as may be desired, from a complex solution; each compound and substance having a critical electromotive force below which it will not respond. This process is commonly used in the purification of certain ores by electricity. In fact most of our commercial copper is refined in this way.

Or again, having obtained the mould, the copper original may be dissolved in sulphuric acid, forming copper sulphate. If this solution is put in one of a chain of vessels connected by bent tubes and containing pure water, and an electric current be led into the first of these vessels and out through the mould placed in the last of them, we shall have a decomposition of copper sulphate as before. There will be an actual transfer of the copper in an "ionized" or atomic condition through all the vessels between the solution and the mould in which it is finally deposited. Moreover, it is quite impossible to detect any sign of the presence of the copper in any of these vessels through which we know it is passing, and in the last of which it actually appears in metallic form, and this no matter how fine the physical and chemical tests used may be. All tests show nothing but pure water in the intermediate vessels, for chemical affinity is held in abeyance under the influence of the electric charge, to re-

affirm itself only when the current deposits the copper in the mould. This process is continued until every atom of the copper forming the original medal has been withdrawn from the solution, transferred invisibly and impalpably through the water in a mysterious way which defies all tests, and finally deposited on the mould, once more in the form of metallic copper. Thus the medal was first destroyed in one place, dissolved and rendered invisible in the acid and water, then rendered atomic by the decomposing power of the electric current, then these atoms were conveyed by the current to another place, there to be recombined, exactly reproducing the medal that has been destroyed.

These processes enable us to understand the possibility of the occult duplication of objects, and of precipitation at a distance. They even throw some light on the forces employed by the occultist in such manifestations.

When we try to apply the principle of correspondence, we see that, in conveying an object to a distance and precipitating it there, it is first necessary to form a mould or model of the object at the place where it is to be precipitated. For this, the occultist must form a clear mental image of the object to be precipitated, either from memory or imagination, and locate it in the position where the precipitation is to take place. The power to do this would appear to be a form of Kriya Shakti, "that mysterious power of thought which enables it to produce external, perceptible phenomenal results by its own inherent energy." On the vividness and sharpness of this mental image, this astral mould, will depend the accuracy of the precipitation. In consequence of this, any wavering of the mind, or lack of concentration will cause a blurring of the image, and so of the resulting object.

The next step for the occultist is the dissolving of the substance to be transferred or precipitated in the solvent of the astral light,—corresponding to water in the process of electrolysis, and always spoken of in occult works as the "water of space". This brings about the ionizing or atomising of its constituents. Here Kundalini Shakti would seem to be operative. By Kundalini, the atoms are electrically charged, and follow its current in an invisible flow. The current which carries them is directed by Ichchha Shakti—the power of the will—to the astral model. Here the atoms give up their electric charge, are deposited on the mould, and once more resume their chemical affinities, re-combining as before.

In all this there is nothing more marvelous or miraculous than in the scientific process of the transmission and deposition of copper which we have just described. Nor is it any more incredible that an object should be dissolved and rendered invisible in the ether or astral light than in acid and water; or that an atom should follow the current from a human battery, than that it should follow one generated by zinc, copper and dilute acids.

This is only one of many modes of precipitation. It is in reality only the conveyance of a material object through the ether. There are other cases, where the substance did not previously exist in the form in which it is precipitated. To this class belong, it would seem, the compartively rare cases of precipitation of occult letters without the instrumentality of a trained disciple acting as the terminal of the current. Here, the first step is, as before, the formation of a clear astral image or mould; each word and letter must be clearly and distinctly visualised. The force of Kundalini directed to this astral mould draws the materials from the etheric atmosphere, the ocean of Akasha, root of all substance, and into which all substance is finally dissolved; or the material may be drawn from surrounding objects, just as an electric current acting through a complex solution separates the material desired from all the others, and deposits it alone on the mould. With the occulist, as with the physical scientist, it is only necessary to know the scope of affinities of the particular substance, and to attune the force of the current to this scope.

The process has been thus described by a master of occult arts: Whether I precipitate or dictate my answers or write them myself, the difference in time saved is very minute. I have to think it over, to photograph every word and sentence carefully in my brain, before it can be repeated by precipitation. As the fixing on chemically prepared surfaces of the images formed by the camera requires a previous arrangement within the focus of the object to be represented, for otherwise—as often found in bad photographs—the legs of the sitter might appear out of all proportion with the head, and so on—so we have to first arrange our sentences and impress every letter to appear on paper in our minds before it becomes fit to read. For the present this is all I can tell you. But you must know and remember one thing—we but follow and servilely copy Nature in her works.

H. B. M.

ORIENTAL DEPARTMENT.

Edited by Charles Johnston.

SONGS OF THE MASTER.

Introductory.

Before all things remember that the Bhagavad Gita is a text-book of the Mysteries. It has seven keys, and holds seven meanings. But at the heart stands one ideal, crown and well-spring of all the rest: the immortal life of man. To give this central light its due pre-eminence, we shall pass over much of interest and of value, lest from the too great number of the trees we lose our vision of the forest.

Among things here to be left out, we may count first the side of history; all enlarging on the epoch of world-life which gave the Songs their birth. That period stands as a turning-point of the fate of mighty races; behind it lies the sunny youth of India, stretching back to the golden age. After it comes a long epoch of decline, till we reach the India of to-day in her servitude and degradation. The races which fought at Kurukshetra are representative of great human types who still wage their endless war; to tell their tale in full would be to write all human history.

But this much we may clearly hold in view: considered as part of the world-history, the Bhagavad Gita and the cycle of bardic songs which were its source come from the mighty war fought out five thousand years ago, when the princes of the Rajput race, with the shadow of fell eclipse coming on them after glorious ages, met in fratricidal strife, and strewed the Indian plains with their dead bodies.

The first fruit of this for India was the uprising of the priestly race of Brahmans, who till then had held the second place. The polity of ancient India, the form of social life and state, grew from the commingling of four races: red, white, yellow, and black. These have their well-marked affinities in many lands, their links in lost continents, their source in the annals of bygone worlds. We cannot here follow them through their wanderings. It must suffice that the red race of Rajputs held kinship with Egypt and Chaldea, as with certain peoples in the lands of the west. This red race drew its life-impulse from the third, and held the Great Mysteries as a splendid inheritance, with their twin teachings of rebirth and liberation. From the king-initiates of this race come the great Upanishads. From this race Krishna sprang. To this race belonged

the Buddha. Of this race comes the great Rajput who stands as our ideal to-day.

With the civil war the Rajputs lost their power. It fell into the hands of their former pupils and servants, the Brahmans, sons of a white race from the north, beyond the Snowy Range. Until the Rajputs initiated them, the Brahmans had never heard of rebirth or liberation. They bowed down to the shades of the fathers, as the Coreans and Chinamen do to-day. They called on many gods, praying for solid blessings of this earth, and for substantial delights in the world to come. Because the Rajputs fell five thousand years ago, their motherland is subject to foreign rule, till the time be fulfilled. Because the Brahmans profited by that fall to take their place, India is full of priestcraft. Yet as these very Brahmans were once faithful disciples of the kingly teachers, they still hold the heart of the teaching as their most precious heritage, being the only body now living openly in the world in unbroken possession of the mystery records.

The Brahmans, a race of ritualists with minds full of order and system, gave India a strong impulsion towards formal philosophy and analytic thought, adding this to the old divine magic of their Rajput masters. From other races, the yellow and the black, came the impulse of emotion, the religion of passionate faith breaking forth along the way of works, in the acts of a religion of service. These three, the intuition of the soul, the message of reason, the service of bodily act, touch the three great worlds of life. India as a Mystery land, embodied all three; they were mingled in her temple teachings; all three have their place in the Master's Songs. Thus this scripture is a reconciler of intuition, thought and act. Here is yet another of its seven keys. To use it fully, we should have to embody all that is known of the divine magic, the intellectual history, and the worship of India so full of mystical rites, and this through a period of thousands of years. This cannot be accomplished here. Therefore we must resign ourselves to see much omitted. Striking these varied notes and letting them sink again to silence, we pass on to the heart of the teaching, the message of immortal man.

The Final Goal.

After we reach a certain ripeness, there is only one theme in the world which has any serious value: the great transformation, whereby mortal man enters into his immortality, reborn out of weakness into power, out of serfdom into mastery, out of the psychic

into the spiritual world. No longer drifting and cowering, victim of the universe, waif of cosmic forces, he takes his place at the heart of things, growing one with the essence of all being, in the omnipresent here, the everlasting now.

The fiery transformation which brings him forth a god, an undivided part of the highest divinity, touches and transmutes his every power, beginning with the bodily and sensual self, where he is set in the clay of the natural earth; touching then and illumining the whole middle nature of man, his world of cloud and storms, of hailstones and rain, of genial zephyrs and cherishing winds; finally kindling with the supreme radiance of inspiration his crown of life, that spirit in him which rises up to the eternal sunlight, which is kindred with the stars.

Of this threefold change, the first part makes him a king in nature, ready to rule through will instead of begging through desire; now for the first time gaining real power over the immemorial forces that build the hills, that keep the seas in station, that swing the worlds forth on their circling ways. There is a touch and mastery of all nature's powers, flowing directly from the physical will and knit with it; as muscular effort is knit with the power of gravity, able to use it, able to withstand it, able to turn it to a hundred ends of man. So with every force. All are to be handled without intermediary, by the will acting unaided and alone. So far, mastery over the physical world and what dwells therein.

This is but the threshold of his inheritance. The court of the temple is his discovery of his kind, his new revelation of the soul of man. With immortality, comes his first initiation into true human life. For while still of those who perish, wrapped in the thick cloud-veils of personal fancy, man is debarred from beholding man, or sees him only as in a glass darkly, but now face to face. Looking into each other's eyes with human eyes, we see our own images, and these inverted. To see each other's souls, we must look with the eyes of the soul. Then shall we first behold the glowing life in every heart, and not only see it but possess it. For this is the soul's everlasting miracle, that we can become each other, and yet remain ourselves.

A man may dominate other men by fear, driving them as a tiger drives a herd of gazelles, but this is still a part of our mere brute history, untouched with any human light. True man can be touched only by the soul. And if a conqueror can send his flaming will through a great army, till all weak wills in it scorn death

and danger, and count lingering wounds and privation an honor, how much greater the enkindling of our immortality by the immortal and heroic soul, whereby we rise altogether above the barriers of sorrow and death.

If the entry into the souls of others be the court of the temple, there is yet the holy of holies where the immortal enters in alone, to learn his omnipotence, his enduring majesty and might. He comprehends the secret of his power over nature, beginning with the mere muscular effort which holds him erect upon the earth, and ending with the most potent magical arts. He is master in the midst of nature, because the soul in him is one with the soul that made the worlds, and can at any time claim full rights in its own dominions. He learns too the secret source of his unity with all mankind, his possession of the powers of all other souls. It is because the soul in him is one with the soul in them; because there is but one soul, for him, for them, for us all, the mighty immortal into whose being he has passed. He learns something of the radiance of his own divinity, the eternal secret of life, hid with the darkness before all worlds. Thus the king long exiled and forlorn, wandering in desert weariness, in sorrow often, in sickness often, once again reclaims his kingdom, setting the diadem of life upon his brow. The great transformation is consummated. Man the immortal has taken the place of mortal man.

Pistis—Aspiration.

This is the splendid termination of the struggle, the prize of conquest, viewed in the warm light of victory. Yet all was not triumph or gladness, all was not victory or power. Say rather that there was bitter darkness and dire strife, that there was the poignant weakness of wounds received in conflict, that there were utmost misery of defeat, heart-rending despair, black storms of suffering most pitiful, and hardest of all to bear, the dire doubt whether there was any path at all, any soul, any divinity, any immortal being.

From this cloud-mantled place of setting forth, progress was made only by fierce aspiration working in the dark, the blind longing of a faith that dared not wear the name of hope, a hope black as despair; a foothold beaten by clouds, with floods flowing round it, the firm earth altogether gone, yet no gleam of heaven breaking through the clouds, nor any warrant that with their breaking would come vision of heaven at all, rather than the appalling blackness of the formless void.

This is the path of aspiration, the grim tragedy of the soul, of which all human tragedies are but copies. For all our tragedies turn on this: whether the soul of some other is to be trusted; whether the soul in us can face its fate and reach its goal. But here is tried the greater question whether there be any soul at all, or mere darkness and the irremediable kingdom of death.

Gnosis—Illumination.

Out of the darkness by dire struggle, by slippery paths, after many discouragements, through many sorrows, mortal man at last comes forth into the light. His first path is ended. His first victory is won. He is met in the sunshine by his immortal self who takes him by the hand and leads him in to the presence of the Eternal: the unveiled majesty, dark with exceeding brightness, silent with fulness of song, still through infinite power.

There all boundaries are swept away. There is no longer any parting between thyself and others, myself and thee. The mortal is lost in the immortal; both are lost in the supreme. Thus does the soul bathe in living waters, in the infinite ocean of light. This is the second division of the way: the path of inspiration. Nor is the vision of fairness only, full of quiet peace. It is also grand and terrible. The Power treats in high-handed fashion the sentamentalities of worlds, of angels and men. By fierce and fiery paths does the Providence of things win to its ends. Death is as much its tool and plaything as is life. No weapon does it wield more potently than sorrow. In the blackness of darkness are its secret purposes fulfilled.

Sophia—Realization.

After fulness of inspiration, the soul comes back to its mortal dwelling, full of a mighty power, charged with tremendous secrets, knowing itself for no lost fragment of despair cast forth on the waves of fate, but very divinity, part and parcel of the highest in all beings, in all worlds. The full vision of illumination shrinks to a fiery gleam in the heart, a flame that burns unquenchable, to transform, to consume, to create, till all things be full of light. Sharing the power and essence of the divine, the soul has inherited the divine task, to conquer all beings and all souls for divinity, for oneness, for perfection.

Before the newborn immortal opens the third division of the way: the path of realization. He is to weave his knowledge into life, to break all barriers down, and let in the souls of men. He is to widen that glowing heart of his heart which links him to the divine.

Certain august personages are invited to ponder the fable of what befell in Olympus. Examined with the eye of Aparokshanubhuti, it will yield a moral. What shall follow as fruit of these Olympian deliberations lies between them and what corresponds to conscience in the higher spheres.

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Meanwhile we, the toiling Myrmidons, will get to our work. As we foreshadowed in December, we are led to treat many things in a new way, to turn our FORUM to new uses. Formerly, it was used to help us to help ourselves. Henceforth, we must make it help us to help other folk. We can no longer hold the personal note of the last year. We must grow more general, entering God's world of cheerful, fallible men and women, to see if we are really any wiser than they. If with a modest glow we do make that discovery, we shall impart to them of our treasure, not as part of a Great System brooded over by Avalokiteshvara in person, but as something we in our private capacity happen to know, and feel drawn to tell them in a friendly way.

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We shall fall into an error if we at all try to get people to recognize the Great System as a whole, or to make them understand as we do that stupendous tangle of things grave and gay which we call our history. All that must be left to the Great Law. Buried now, it will rise again, in fulness of time; and everyone who tied a knot will have the delight of unraveling it. But before that, we shall enter into the silence. Therefore let it rest in peace.

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We must separate the Great System into its parts, and make each part sound and valid for ourselves. Each part is to stand as part of the world-culture of the new era, wholly on its own merits, and through its self-evident truth. We have made a beginning already, trying to show the working of Karmic Law in the fate of nations, to follow the inflexible retribution that shadows the path of popular wrong-doing. It is a tale writ large across the face of the world; no need to invoke Infallible Authority to have it believed.

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The study of Electric and Occult Laws is a second instalment of the same plan. It is, as we shall all see at once, admirable in its lucidity, and perfectly illumines what is for us all a very difficult

subject. And now a confidence. It cost the Editor endless pains to break down the bashfulness of the author, and even after the manuscript was handed over, the modest writer offered to pay us to suppress it. We evoked our incorruptible part, and scorned the offer, and our high principle had such an effect on the author that we are promised other contributions on like subjects. See what a thing virtue is.

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The Oriental Department also has passed through a change. We are glad to believe that during the past eighteen months it stood between many of our readers and cosmic night, gathering for them a light out of darkness, and catching the song of the silence. But the truer our interpretation was, the more certain is it that we cannot continue in the same path. For as the light, brought to a focus, immediately begins to diverge again, each ray speeding along its own path, so we, entering into that one Soul which is the soul of our souls, shall come forth each more ourselves than before, and therefore increasingly different. For God never made two blades of grass alike; much less two Theosophists.

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After long considering the matter, and understanding that we could no longer address ourselves to a general feeling, but must speak to particular minds constantly diverging, we decided that the best course would be to take some Mystery book which set itself this very task of illumining individual souls; and consistently to try, so far as our knowledge carried us, to make the heart of it at home in the modern world, expressing its message in terms at once familiar and valid for us all, and therefore carrying some personal message to each. We chose the Bhagavad Gita, as at once the best known and least understood of all the great Mystery books known to the world.

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It is clear that a book like this is very difficult to translate. The version known to most of us is not a translation at all, but an eclectic compilation, made up from half a dozen translators, no one of whom knew very clearly what the Bhagavad Gita was about. So there is room for one more translation among so many. Whether this translation is to be made, depends wholly on our readers. There is ample material, but everything depends on the effective demand. We have made an experiment already, in The Memory of Past Births. Readers will commune with their inner selves, as to whether they have taken their part in the experiment.

In drawing the outline of the Master's Songs, we chose the three words Pistis, Gnosis, Sophia, from the Gnostic system, instead of the three Indian Shaktis or powers, Ichchha Shakti, Jnana Shakti, and Kriya Shakti: the power to Will, to Know, to Do. One reason of our choice was that these Gnostic terms are always used by Paul the Apostle in the sense we have given. Thus Pistis, everywhere translated Faith, is really Aspiration. And Sophia, translated Wisdom, is really practical work. Thus Theou-Sophia, or Theosophia, does not at all mean the wisdom of God, but means the working out of the divine idea in us, the energy of creative will, in conformity with our genius. As occasion serves, we shall come back to Paul's use of these words.

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The Pauline Gnosis brings us naturally to the question of the miracles of healing attributed to the Apostles, and so directly connected with the various forms of mind-cure which fill so large a place in the world's horizon to-day. We have for some time been gathering material on this subject, and hope to give our readers a short study of practical metaphysics in our next number.

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When we come to Reviews, we feel inclined to give the precedence to our old friend Dr. Hartmann, who is believed by many to be the re-incarnation of Heiliger Antonius von Padua. If so, we pray that he may once more pass unscathed among temptations. But be that as it may, we heartily recommend the essay on The Religion of the Future, which holds first place in the *Lotus Bluethen* for December. It is full of practical wisdom, and might well be translated for the benefit of readers in other lands.

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There is also much that we must strongly commend in the *Theosophicher Wegweiser,* especially the very scholarly analysis of the Seven Prinicples of Man. The German mind has certain admirable faculties of accuracy and acuteness, and above all, of abundant intellectual energy, which western lands would do well to emulate. We also thoroughly admire the outspoken toleration which breathes through the declaration of principles: "Our unity comes not from outer forms. The bond which holds us is purely spiritual."

***

We read with great delight the prose poem by *Laon* in *The Lamp,* the first purely creative work which has appeared in its re-

vived pages. Much of the rest of the number apparently refers to the struggles between the black and white magicians of Lemuria, but for us it lacks personal interest.

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The English Theosophist has evidently taken a vow to complete its series of Reprints before the cycle closes, in order to begin the new year with original constructive work. This is an admirable ambition, and we send our best wishes for its success.

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And now, stern or gentle readers, we come once more to ourselves. The FORUM in future will be directed, not so much to our own needs as to the needs of those about us, to the general culture of the world. We can do one of two things: wait like paralytics to be tickled into activity, or get to work, using the FORUM as an instrument for the distribution of our ideals and thoughts. This new number, like the wasp, carries a sting in its tail. Our readers who are expert in natural history may recollect that, unlike the honey bee, the yellow-jacket can sting twice in the same place.

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